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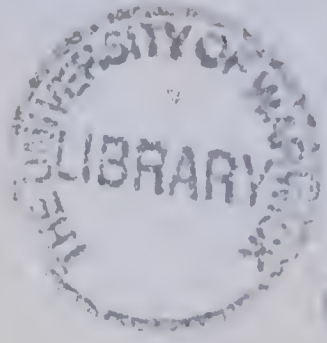

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MOURNING BRIDE.

Oliv. *Peace, their & eternal cause.*

Act I. Scene I.

H. CORBOULD DEL.ᵗ

ENG.ᴰ BY C. H.

THE

MOURNING BRIDE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By WILLIAM CONGREVE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE—1787.

MEN.

Manuel,.....Mr Aickin.
Gonsalez,.....Mr Packer.
Garcia, ...Mr Barrymore.
Perez, ...Mr Wilson.
Alonzo,.....Mr Phillimore.
Osmyn, ...Mr Smith.
Heli, ...Mr R. Palmer.
Selim,.....Mr Fawcett.

WOMEN.

Almeria, ...Mrs Ward.
Zara,.....Mrs Siddons.
Leonora, ...Miss Tidswell.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE—Granada.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting.* ALMERIA *rises and comes forward.*

Alm. MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace! there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune:
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow king:
And oft at night, when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept,
Where, while his gaoler slept, I through the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and inquired his health,
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance:
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valencian prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
O, Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall rase thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb;
But in my heart thou art interred; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost!

Leon. Husband! O, heavens!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.

Leon. Witness these tears—
The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report——
And I have heard imperfectly his loss;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valencia,
Even on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conquering troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace; which, in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity

His fatal refuge——Would that I had fallen
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought
We put to sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of Afric: There our vessel struck the shore,
And, bulging 'gainst a rock, was dash'd in pieces,
But heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begged me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That whether death or victory ensued,
I might be his, beyond the power of fate:
The queen, too, did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded, and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and wat'ry eyes;
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my Alphonso. [*Loud shouts.*

Leon. Hark!
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.
[*Shouts at a distance.*
O cease, for Heaven's sake! assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for much I fear
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in every other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die

First, die ten thousand deaths.—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make : [*Kneels.*
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heaven where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow:
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just Heaven shower down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endured.—And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief: having so well
Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas ! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence.—I feel myself more light,
And more at large since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The Lord Gonsalez comes to tell your highness
The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* ALONZO.
That's his pretence: his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words or idle eloquence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be every day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspired to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequalled lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Laded with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now in martial pomp the palace.

Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot-wheels;
The swarming populace spread every wall,
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen, though twice
The multitude should gaze, in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase; the pageantry of souls.
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to Heaven with thanks!

Gon. Excellent princess!
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done, in proving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king.

Symphony of warlike Music. Enter the KING, *attended by* GARCIA *and several Officers; Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards.* ALMERIA *meets the* KING, *and kneels; afterwards* GONSALEZ *kneels and kisses the* KING'S *Hand, while* GARCIA *does the same to the* PRINCESS.

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonsalez, rise.
What, tears! my good old friend?——

Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By Heaven thou lovest me, and I'm pleased thou dost.
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,

Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heaven,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expired.
King. Your zeal to Heaven is great, so is your debt;
Yet something, too, is due to me, who gave
That life which Heaven preserved. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had atoned and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day
Succeeding that in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interred!—By Heaven!
It looks as thou didst mourn for him! Just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserved,
But that wherein the cursed Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What, thou dost not weep to think of that?
Gon. Have patience, royal sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?
King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth; such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his:
My daughter should have revell'd at his death:
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heaven!
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony!
Gon. What she has done was in excess of goodness;
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.——Sure, no more.
King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo'not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.——Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you,
It shall be your excuse that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.
King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.
Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?
King. Draw near, and give your hand: and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband and my son.
Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.
Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—
King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy services,
And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials——
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! help to support her.
Gon. She recovers.
King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?
Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
[GARCIA *leads* ALMERIA *to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonzo?
Enter ALONZO *and* ATTENDANTS.
Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.
King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?
[PRISONERS *led off.*
Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.
King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.
King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,

Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?
Gar. My lord, she did.
King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter ZARA *and* OSMYN, *in Chains; conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guard, attended by* SELIM *and several Mutes.*

King. What welcome and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence graced,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceived; and seen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led, your beauty's slave.
Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right, to arbitrary sway,
I might be pleased, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait. But when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself;
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock praises, and dissembled state.
King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should be free;
How durst you, Perez, disobey?
Per. Great sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis false! 'twas more! I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes!
Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With speed;—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here.—Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.
Zara. Such favours, so conferred, though when unsought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be obliged——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract

All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[*Beholding* OSMYN, *as they unbind him.*
And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.
King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?
Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.
King. I understand not that.
Osm. I would not have you.
Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caused this melancholy and despair.
King. She does excuse him: 'tis as I suspected.
[*To* GONSALEZ.
Gon. That friend may be herself: seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.
King. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?
Zara. Heli.
King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph now are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Aisle of a Temple.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen———

Leon. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return: the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth
Of human bodies, for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirit; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Opens and discovers a Place of Tombs; one Monument fronting the View.*

Enter HELI.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—there it sounds—I'll follow it. [*Exit.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose tomb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,

Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. My father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs and milky-ways
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo!
Help me, Alphonso! take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso!
O Alphonso!

Enter OSMYN *from the Tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers, [*Coming forward.*
That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir or breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

Re-enter HELI.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes!
He, too, is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with Almeria!
O miracle of happiness! O joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure

'Tis she.
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.
Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye force me?
Is this a father?
Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so changed,
That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?
Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice; I know him now, I know him all.
Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.
Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance
Or means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have no leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.
Alm. Stay awhile——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.
Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou gaze so?
Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear, and live!
To see him thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus!
Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!
Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise!
Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.
Alm. True; but how camest thou there? wert thou alone?
Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

Alm. But still how cam'st thou hither? how thus?—Ha!
What's he who, like myself, is started here
Ere seen?
Osm. Where? Ha! what do I see? Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio too escaped!
Osm. And twice escaped, both from the rage of seas
And war; for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free: hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still, with open hand
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy?
Where will this end? But Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I'm deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits, cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem'd to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with Selim, sir; I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? who is she? why are you alarm'd?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
I'll think how we may meet
To part no more: my friend will tell thee all;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn,
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet———
Alm. Sure we shall meet again———
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.
[*Exeunt* ALMERIA, LEONORA, *and* HELI.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,
So shall you still behold her.
Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.
Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,

Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues !
Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus ?
Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My love ? But to the grave I'll follow thee———
He looks not, minds not, hears not : barb'rous man,
Am I neglected thus ? am I despised ?
Not heard ! ungrateful Osmyn !

Osm. Ha ! 'tis Zara !

Zara. Yes, traitor ! Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant now to Osmyn.
The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me ;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not till now.

Zara. Now then you see me———
But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his sorrows chose this solitude ?
Look round, joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursued misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gayety and gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman ! Why, why dost thou rack me thus,
And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer ?
What is't to me, this house of misery ?
What joy do I require ? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee ; to share thy griefs,
And give thee for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. O that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one ;
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endured :
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee :
Compassion ! scarce will own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love, for thou wert godlike
Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loosed my hair,
And with it dried those wat'ry cheeks, then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And like the morn vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O Heaven ! how did my heart rejoice and ache,

When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? was't not for you this war
Commenced? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion, where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fallen to slavery;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fallen, the lost, and now the captive Zara;
And now abandon'd—say, what then is Osmyn!

Osm. A fatal wretch—a huge stupendous ruin,
That, tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fallen, thus levelled with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they have served their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zara. We may be free, the conqueror is mine!
In chains, unseen, I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this last ingratitude declares,
This grovelling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name:
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have loved thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave!

A slave, not daring to be free ! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous :
There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival !
Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.
Zara. As I could wish ; by Heaven I'll be revenged.
Enter the KING, PEREZ, *and* ATTENDANTS.
King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night ? Ha ! what disorder's this ?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore ?
Zara. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my slave.
King. How ! better than my hopes ! does she accuse him ?
[*Aside.*
Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves ?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my power,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate ?
King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heaven,
And wrench the bolt, red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embraced ; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.
[GUARDS *seize* OSMYN.
Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more :
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large : thence sprung his insolence ;
And what was charity he construed love.
King. Enough ; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend ;
Where every hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is load, and time stands still :
What we refuse to him, to death we give ;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*

OSMYN *discovered alone, with a Paper.*

Osm. But now, and I was closed within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will show.
[*Reads.*] "If my Alphonso"——Ha!
"If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heaven!
"Give me more weight, crush my declining years
"With bolts, with chains, imprisonment, and want;
"But bless my son! visit not him for me!"
(It is his hand! this was his prayer;—yet more):
"Let every hair, which sorrow by the roots
"Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
"Be doubled in thy mercies to my son!
"Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious"—
'Tis wanting what should follow!—Heaven should follow,
But 'tis torn off! Why should that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to Heaven,
But Heaven was deaf; Heaven heard him not: but thus,
Thus as the name of Heaven from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of prayer against him!
If piety be thus debarred access
On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal Justice?
Yet I may think—I may, I must: for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born.
What noise! Who's there? My friend! how cam'st thou hither?

Enter HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.
The captain, influenced by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.
Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Heli. You may: anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retired,
(Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right), she'll come.

Osm. She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O, Heaven!
To a vile prison, and a captive wretch;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heavenly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heaven forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One who has tired misfortune with pursuing?

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
Converts. The news has reach'd Valencia's frontiers;
Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
With tyranny and grievous impositions,
Are ris'n in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By Heav'n, thou'st roused me from my lethargy.
The spirit, which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood;
O, my Antonio, I am all on fire;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge,
And bear amidst the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heavens! Where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where, where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains! Off! off! ye stains of royalty!
Off, slavery! O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restored. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape: Meantime, I've thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where not far off some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.
Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.
Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may I'll do. Farewell,
My friend, the good thou dost deserve attend thee! [*Exit* HELI.
I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of Heaven. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
This his last legacy to me; which here
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal power.

Enter ZARA, *veiled.*

What brightness breaks upon me thus, through shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?
Zara. O that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!
Osm. Zara!—I am betray'd by my surprise! [*Aside.*
Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
That having seen it thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror!
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing
And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
O no, thou canst not; for thou seest me now,
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.
Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind.
But destiny and inauspicious stars
Have cast me down to this low being: or
Granting you had, from you I have deserved it.
Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? Wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault to call it madness?
O, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion; then be still more kind,
And call that passion love.
Osm. Give it a name,
Or being as you please, such I will think it.
Zara. O, thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,

Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.
Osm. Yet I could wish——
Zara. Haste me to know it: what?
Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.
Zara. What thing?
Osm. This slave.
Zara. O, Heaven; my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so cursed?
Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.
Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom.
Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.
Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu! [*Exit.*
Osm. This woman has a soul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem.
But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes,
For whom I fear—to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart!
Enter ALMERIA.
My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms withheld by fetters,
Or take thee into mine while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?

Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou wouldst think how we might meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Oh! O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then struck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me—
Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
O, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, and kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft:
Thy second self should feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife—

Osm. O, thou hast search'd too deep!
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piecemeal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am cursed
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me:
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and wheels were balm
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest pains that hell,

Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee other.
But wilt thou know what harrows up my heart?
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride!
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my heart!
To call thee mine! Yes; thus, e'en thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasy.
But, O, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No, not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Osm. O, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolved,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
O, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

Alm. O I am struck, thy words are bolts of ice,
Which shot into my breast now melt and chill me.

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, *and* SELIM.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.

Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
The royal signet. [*Aside to* PEREZ.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, till the princess is return'd
From visiting the noble prisoner. [*Aside to* ZARA.
Zara. Ha!
What say'st thou? [*Aside to* PEREZ.
Osm. We are lost! undone, discover'd!
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say something quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible—— [*Aside to* ALMERIA.
Alm. I cannot speak. [*Aside to* OSMYN.
Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.
[*Aside to* ALMERIA.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abused—
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em. [*Aside.*
Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* ALMERIA, *as she is going.*
Distress'd, Heaven will repay: all thanks are poor.
[*Exit* ALMERIA.
Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choke in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver. [*Aside.*]—You seem much surprised.
Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected!
Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted:
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding——
Osm. Madam!
Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite:
Your pardon, sir—mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceived, I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleased,
To find you have an interest superior.
Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?
Zara. I do.
Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.
Zara. I know thou couldst; but I'm not often pleased,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?

Who would not be thus happily confined
To be the care of weeping majesty ?
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hour of rest.
O curse ! I cannot hold——

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain !

Osm. How, madam ?

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell ! hell !
Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer !
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

Osm. You may be still deceived ; 'tis in my power,
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs,
And free myself at once from misery,
And you of me.

Zara. Ha ! say'st thou—But I'll prevent it.
Who waits there ? As you will answer it, look this slave
[*To the* GUARD.
Attempt no means to make himself away.
I've been deceived. The public safety now
Requires he should be more confined, and none,
No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see
Or speak with him : I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate ! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love ;
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd,
Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already rack'd me with thy stay ;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice :
Reply at once to all. What is concluded ?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn ; but to that, fresh news
Has since arrived of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd ;
And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha ! haste thee ! fly, prevent his fate and mine ;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t' impart, ere Osmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say ? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Devise the means to shun it,
Quick ; or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage ; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done ? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop the approaching danger ?

Sel. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On Osmyn's death ; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence ?

Sel. Your own request's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape ;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes : and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest. | *Exit.*

Enter KING, GONSALEZ, *and* PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves:
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd
Gon. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
Till Osmyn die. Meantime we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.
King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?
Gon. None, sir. Some papers have been since discover'd
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valencia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who have fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispersed t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have raised this rumour:
That being saved upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclosed himself to Albucazim,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urged the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valencia
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso?
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known—If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations. [*Aside.*
Gon. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive, Zara, can inform
If such an one, so 'scaping, was received
At any time in Albucazim's court.
King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.
Zara. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent

Than your high courage suffers you to see:
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.
King. His doom
Is pass'd: if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself Alphonso
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a treple league
Of strictest friendship was profest between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.
King. Public report is ratified in this.
Zara. And Osmyn's death required of strong necessity.
King. Give order straight that all the pris'ners die.
Zara. Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.
King. Let all, except Gonsalez, leave the room.
[*Exeunt* PEREZ, &c.
Zara. I am your captive, and you've used me nobly;
And in return of that, though otherwise
Your enemy,
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted: some among 'em have resolved
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.
King. Is treason then so near us as our guards?
Zara. Most certain; though my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?
Zara. That too I will advise.
I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,
In the grand signior's court. These from their infancy
Are practised in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.
Gon. My lord, the queen advises well.
King. What off'ring, or what recompense, remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've saved,
Though on the head that wears it, were too little.
Zara. Of that hereafter; but, meantime, 'tis fit

You give strict charge that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there ?

Enter PEREZ.

On your life take heed,
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

Zara. They, and no other, not the princess' self.

Per. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire. [*Exit* PEREZ.

Gon. That interdiction so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced.
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aside.*]—Your majesty sure might have spared
The last restraint ; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confed'rate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gon. Ha !

King. How ? She visit Osmyn ! What, my daughter ?

Sel. Madam, take heed ; or you have ruined all.
[*Aside to* ZARA.

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf——

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zara. Indeed ! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so ; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.
[*Exeunt* ZARA *and* SELIM.

Gon. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this :
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur and sometimes disagree :
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, Gonsalez ;
Are we not much indebted to this fair own !

Gon. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much ; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards

Corrupted ! how ? by whom ? who told her so ?
I' th' evening Osmyn was to die ; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him ;
I' th' morning he must die again ; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together, suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation—that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gon. I grant it, sir ; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceived :
But why that needless caution of the pincess ?
What if she had seen Osmyn ? though 'twere strange ;
But if she had, what was't to her ? unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend ;
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warm'd.
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor ?

Gon. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
But she might wish on his account to see him.

King. Say'st thou ! by Heaven thou hast roused a thought,
That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
Confusion ! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Gon. That were too hard a thought—but see she comes—
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divined aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend :
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria ;
I had determined to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismiss'd ; I have [LEONORA *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near ; why dost thou shake ?
What mean those swoln and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish ? Why this, on the day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials ;
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd

With reeking gore from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage rites,
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
Profane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next: and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended wo.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause,
And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falsehood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

Gon. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind:
They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.
O impious parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent!
—I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was—but is no more a father,
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee—and, if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes: so Heaven's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence! O patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By Heaven, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impaled—all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, under-bear.

Alm. O, I am lost—there fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply: know, traitress,
I'm not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives:
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die:
And yet alone would I have died, Heaven knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
King. Hell! hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, darest thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both and spurn thee from me.
Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
Never; for always blessings crown that posture.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——
King. Be thou advised, and let me go, while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.
Alm. No, never will I rise, or loose this hold,
Till you are moved, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my soul he dies, though thou and I,
And all should follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go—Call her attendants.

Re-enter LEONORA *and Women.*

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,
I'll not let go till you have spared my husband.
King. Ha! husband! Which? who?
Alm. He, he is my husband.
King. Who?
Alm O—— [*Faints.*
Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then, though you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.
King. What husband? whom dost thou mean?
Gon. She raves!
Alm. O that I did! Osmyn, he is my husband.
King. Osmyn!
Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso is my dear
And wedded husband—Heaven, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness!

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
Should I hear more, I too should catch thy madness.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word:
And look that she attempt not on her life. [*Exit* KING.

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heaven I were—he's gone.

Gon. Have comfort.

Alm. Cursed be that rogue that bids me be of comfort!
Cursed my own tongue, that could not move his pity!
Cursed these weak hands, that could not hold him here!
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Gon. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested ill-timed flatterer!
Source of my woes! thou and thy race be cursed!
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso!

Gon. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Is it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see; look yonder, where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after see!
Behold a damp dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.
[*Exeunt* ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Gon. She's greatly grieved: nor am I less surprised.
Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My policy: I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—
Things come to this extremity; his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past;
And urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.

And though I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if——that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain: O, well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king,
If I delay—'twill do——or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.
Gon. 'Tis no matter;
I'm not i' th' way at present, good Alonzo.
Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return and say
I have not seen you.
Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.
Yet stay: I would——but go; anon will serve——
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.
Alon. I am your creature.
Gon. Say thou art my friend.
I've seen thy sword do noble execution.
Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.
Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'st seen,
Among the foll'wers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.
Alon. I have, my lord.
Gon. Couldst thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchased by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward as should exceed thy wish.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lordship?
Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.

[*Exit* ALONZO.

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

Enter KING, PEREZ, *and* ALONZO.

King. Not to be found? In an ill hour he's absent.

None, say you? none? what, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Osmyn so disposed as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies supine on earth: with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A* MUTE *appears, and seeing the* KING *retires.*

Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[ALONZO *follows him, and returns with a Paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him:
Which done, he drew a poniard from his side,
And on the instant plunged it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me from my promise to Gonsalez. [*Aside. Exit.*

King. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof!

[*Having read the Letter.*

O, give me patience, all ye powers! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord!

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a king descends;
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life! for thou wert fix'd
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook.—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors; thou art with the rest combined:
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferr'd.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amazed——

King. Thou liest.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara: here,
Where she sets down—" Still will I set thee free"— [*Reads.*
That somewhere is repeated—" I have power
O'er them that are thy guards."—Mark that, thou traitor.
Per. It was your majesty's command I should
Obey her order.
King. [*Reads.*]—" And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso."—Hell! cursed, cursed Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love,
All nature, softness, pity, and compassion;
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge, and gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!
Per. My service has not merited those titles.
King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—Thy service! thine!
[*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——
Per. Sir, I will.
King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin and mock at her remorse. [PEREZ *going.*
—Stay thee—I've further thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——
There with his turban, and his robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his;
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes! I'll shun th' encounter; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. Ha! 'twas the king!
The king that passed hence! frowning he went:
Dost think he saw me?
Sel. Yes; but then, as if he thought

His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.
Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
Sel. Avert it, Heaven! that you should ever suffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devised to serve, should ruin your design!
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not given to man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being man,
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiv'n. Here, strike;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.
Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought!
Regard me well, and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolved.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such liberty, as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Opens and shows the Prison.*

Enter GONSALEZ, *disguised like a* MUTE, *with a Dagger.*

Gon. Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd,
And all as still as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd. [*Looks in.*
Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd to favour
Th' attempt; I'll steal and do it unperceived.
What noise? somebody coming? 'ist, Alonzo!
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without——I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl and sting him to the heart;
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it. [*Goes in.*

Enter GARCIA *and* ALONZO.

Gar. Where, where, Alonzo, where's my father? where

The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
All's lost! all ruin'd by surprise and treachery!
Where, where is he? Why dost thou mislead me?
Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
And could not pass me unperceived—What, hoa!
My lord, my lord, what, hoa! my lord Gonsalez!

Re-enter GONSALEZ, *bloody.*

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours!—whence this rudeness?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death
Are ent'ring now our doors! Where is the king?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?
Gon. No matter: give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash and ill-timed exclamations.
Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and join the foe!
Gon. Would all were false as that! for whom you call
The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.
Gar. Impossible! for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.
Gon. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes
How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[GARCIA *goes in.*

Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declared the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.

Re-enter GARCIA.

Gar. Ruin and horror! O, heart-wounding sight!
Gon. What says my son? what ruin? ha! what horror?
Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate,
This deed!—O, dire mistake! O, fatal blow!
The king——
Gon. Alon. The king!
Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood!
See! see! attired like Osmyn, where he lies. [*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner of the cause?

Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.
Gon. O wretch! O, cursed and rash deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging swords!
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.
Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
Gon. O, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose:
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody;
For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow),
Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shore.
Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe has enter'd!
The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand. [*Shout.*
Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve. [*Goes in. Shout.*
Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes;
And in the meantime fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.
Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late:
But I'll omit no care nor haste; and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?
Alon. Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Disposed it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
They chance to find it.
Gon. 'Twas an act of horror,
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.

But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two* MUTES *bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where!
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard.
Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. [*Mutes go in.*] You return and find
The king; tell him what he required I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed. [*Exit* SELIM.

Re-enter MUTES.

What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus
[MUTES *return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[*They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O——I'm lost!
O Osmyn! O Alphonso! cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn——
O, this accursed, this base, this treacherous king.

Re-enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain; for no where can the king
Be found——

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there! [*Stabs him.*
His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forced to yield your letter with his life:
I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd——
My tongue falters, and my voice fails——I sink——
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—— [*Dies.*

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead! for 'twas decreed

We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But, oh! he died unknowing in my heart.
He knew I loved, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows;
Insensible of this last proof he's gone:
Then wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.
[*A* MUTE *kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
O, friendly draught! already in my heart.
Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.
I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
And fright him from my arms—See! see! he slides
Still further from me; look, he hides his face!
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.
O, now he's gone, and all is dark——
[*Dies.* MUTES *kneel and mourn over her.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. O, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heav'ns! what dismal scene
Of death is this?

Alm. Show me, for I am come in search of death,
But want a guide, for tears have dimm'd my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little further, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.
But O, forbear—lift up your eyes no more,
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries were multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on, for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood——

Alm. O, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
——I do not weep? the springs of tears are dried,
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,

The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
——Those men have left to weep ! they look on me !
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well ; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those innocents :
I am the sacrifice deign'd to bleed ;
And come prepared to yield my throat !—They bow
Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence !
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point ! what mean they ? Ha ! a cup ! O, well
I understand what med'cine has been here.
O noble thirst ! yet greedy, to drink all—
Oh for another draught of death !—
[*They point at the other Cup.*
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus ;
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——
Leon. O hold,
For mercy's sake ; upon my knee I beg——
Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.
Seest thou not there ? Behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee ; who shall then prevail ?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips ; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
And stain the colour of my last adieu.
Horror ! a headless trunk ! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the Body, starts and lets fall the Cup.*
But spouting veins and mangled flesh ! Oh ! oh !

Enter ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS ; *with* GARCIA, *Prisoner.*

Alph. Away, stand off ! where is she ? let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.
Alm. Oh !
Alph. Forbear ; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness,
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.
Alm. Where am I ? Heaven ! what does this dream intend ?
Alph. O mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys !
Alm. Giv'n me again from death ! O, all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle ! Can I believe
My sight ?
This is my lord, my life, my only husband :

I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion——
Alph. O, my heart's comfort! 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be entirely bless'd. E'en now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dash'd to think that thou must weep!
Thy father fell, where he designed my death.
Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus— [*She weeps.*
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! alas!
Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O Garcia!——
Whose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

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